As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All giuen to mine eare.
King. But how hath she receiu'd his loue?
Pol. What doe you thinke of me?
King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.
Pol. I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke
When I had seene this hot loue on the wing?
As I perceiu'd it (I must tell you that)
Before my Daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deare Maiesty your Queene heere thinke,
If I had plaid the Deske, or Table booke,
Or giuen my heart a working mute and dumbe,
Or lookt vppon this loue with idle sight,
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
And my yong Mistriſſe this I did bespeake,
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy starre,
This must not bee: and then I prescripts gaue her
That she should locke her selfe from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens.
Which done she tooke the fruites of my aduise,
And hee repel'd. a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadnes, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakenesse,
Thence to lightnes, and by this declension,
Into the madnes wherein now hee raues,
And all wee mourne for.
King. Doe you thinke this?
Quee. It may bee very like.
Pol. Hath there beene such a time, I would faine know that,
That I haue positiuely said, tis so,
When it prou'd otherwise?
King. Not that I know.
Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;
If circumstances leade mee, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.
King. How may wee try it forther?
Pol. You know sometimes hee walkes foure houres together
Heere in the Lobby.

Quee.

Quee. Soe he does indeede.
Pol. At such a time; ile loose my d
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Marke the encounter, if he loue her
And bee not from his reason falne th
Let me be no assistant for a state
But keepe a farme and carters.
King. Wee will trye it.

Enter Hamlet

Quee. But looke where sadly the p
Pol. Away, I doe beseech you both
Ile bord him presently, oh giue me lea
How does my good Lord *Hamlet*?
Ham. Well, God a mercy.
Pol. Doe you know me my Lord?
Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fis
Pol. Not I my Lord.
Ham. Then I would you were so
Pol. Honest my Lord.
Ham. I sir to be honest as this wo
Is to be one man pickt out of tenne th
Pol. That's very true my Lord.
Ham. For if the sunne breed magg
a good kissing carrion. Haue you a d
Pol. I haue my Lord.
Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sunn
But as your daughter may conceaue, fr
Pol. How say you by that, still harpi
knew me not at first, a sayd I was a Fis
and truely in my youth, I suffred much
neere this. Ile speake to him againe
Lord.
Ham. Words, words, words.
Pol. What is the matter my Lord,
Ham. Betweene who.
Pol. I meane the matter that you re
Ham. Slanders sir; for the satericall
men haue gray beards, that their faces
purging thick Amber, & plum-tree gu

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